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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DEAD MAIDEN.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Bound in the dreamless slumber of the tomb—
Resting in quiet stillness with the dead—
Faded for ever is the cheek of bloom,
And the pure spirit in its youth hath fled:
Gently she resteth with the quiet throng
That people the dark chambers of the grave.
Oh, calm will be her sleep, and deep and long,
While the tall grass above her head will wave.
Softly, oh softly let thy tread be here,
Thy foot is pressing on a holy sod—
Ground rendered consecrate by many a tear—
Ground where the mourner's foot hath often trod,
Tread lightly, stranger—for the loved—the young
Is slumbering beneath thee—wake her not;
Here hath the winds of heaven her requiem sung—
Tread lightly, stranger—'tis a hallowed spot!
How soon hast thou departed, gentle one—
Sole consolation of a widowed heart—
Sweet soother of a mourning mother—gone—
Ay, gone for ever! Thus the loveddepart!
Thou wert too beautiful, too bright a blossom
For the cold winds of earth to scorch and dim,
And ere a care had crossed thy gentle bosom,
Thy Heavenly Father called thee home to Him!
Yet had the friends around thee fondly deemed
That thou wouldst bless them with thy looks of love
And with thy voice of melody—which seemed
The echo of some seraph song above—
When long and weary years had passed away,
And cast a shadow on their loveliness—
And as they hastened onward to decay,
Thy presence should be with them still to bless.
How are those ardent hopes for ever withered!
How hath departed that fond mother's trust!
Her lovely blossom to the grave is gathered,
And her glad dreams of joy are dashed to dust!
The holy light that cheered her path hath faded
In the cold darkness that pervades the tomb,
And the bright wreath of joy her fancy braided
Is torn and scattered by a cruel doom!
Yet, mother, think not, as thou bendest o'er
The grave-sod that thy happy child is there—
Her spirit resteth on a happier shore—
Her songs are floating upon Heavenly air—
How would thy heart leap when her face was bright!
And now no cloud of grief can dim her brow—
Her songs would thrill thy bosom with delight,
Angels enraptured listen to them now!
Weep not for her, fond mother—for her lot
Is bright and blessed! Early hath she flown
From a dark world of sin—oh, mourn her not—
God loved her and he claimed her as his own;
Look upward, mother, for her home is there—
And joys eternal unto her are given—
Look upward! mourning mother, and prepare
To meet the loved one of thy soul in Heaven!

SELECTED.

Love has a fleet messenger than speech,
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post
Upon the orb of vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look
Is his heart's Mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,
The sluggish thunder-peat that follows it.—Colman.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Early Recollections.—Mehalie.

CONCLUDED.

"*Quelque je souvenir, et ne jamais volonté oublier.*"

The first glance of morning saw me returning to that home over which had passed such a fearful change since I had seen it last. Day after day I was borne towards it, sorrowfully. I left it with a heart full of anticipations of great and noble deeds—I was returning with that heart wrung and desolate. Long and weary had been my journey, when one evening at sunset, as the carriage whirled rapidly along an abrupt turn of the road, my father's mansion burst full upon my view. There was my home! But where was the dear mother who had always welcomed my return even if my absence had been but for a day? Now my absence had been that of long weary years—and she—Oh, my blessed mother could not spring to meet me at my return!

I stood at the door—no one came to welcome me. I lifted the knocker—it fell heavily, and a stranger opened the door. I could not ask for my father—that name I could not then speak. I hesitated—struggled a moment to subdue my feelings, and then inquired for the former occupant of the house.

"He lives in yonder cottage," said the stranger, "where he removed soon after he lost his property."

My eyes followed the direction of his hand—he pointed to the dear little cottage of my nurse. I was soon at the door—I paused neither to knock nor to be welcomed—but rushed into the room where my father was reclining on a rude couch. He saw me not—knew not that I was near, until I spoke.

"Father, will you not welcome your broken-hearted child?"

He stretched out his arms to receive me, and a flood of tears streamed from his eyes. I sunk upon his bosom and wept like a child.

"Years have passed since you rested on this bosom. Oh, I have wept and prayed for your return, and now you have come back and found me sick, bereaved and poor," he said, and wept again. At that moment my good nurse came almost running into the room.

"Blessings on you, my sweet child," she exclaimed, "for coming back to us. Your poor father has seen hard times of late.—But oh, why did you not come back before your dear mother died? It used to make my poor heart ache to hear her cry for you."

"Cease! for the love of Heaven!" I cried: "cease, if you would not drive me

mad, and crush and wither the heart already broken. Be still, and you shall hear all."

She drew her chair close to mine, and sat still and attentive, while I related every vicissitude through which I had passed since the last time I had written home. My poor father listened and groaned—my good nurse wept and laughed by turns. The kind, simple-hearted creature could not but weep at the recital of my sufferings, for she loved me—and yet her heart bounded with gladness as she looked upon me clasped in my father's arms. Many long hours we sat, and talked, and wept, until worn out with the intensity of feeling, the recollection of the past, the anticipation of the fearful, dim future, and the reality of the present, we retired separately for the night.

I could not sleep. The solemn chiming of the old clock was the only thing that noted the passing time—midnight came, that solemn, witching hour, and I had not slept. The old white curtains that shaded the low window were moved by the fitful breeze, and through them the moon shed a pale light that seem to move and float about the room. I fancied I saw a dim figure standing before me in the moonlight. As it approached me it waved its long white robe, and soft notes of music came floating along on the listening air. Oh, those thrilling sounds!—sweet—fond—familiar—such as had often lulled me to sleep in infancy, and aye soothed my little woes.

"My sainted mother!" I exclaimed, stretching my arms toward the phantom, "art thou indeed her shade?—if so, then art thou most welcome!"

The figure again waved its light drapery and slowly disappeared. I rose, and going to the window, threw up the casement to look out upon the sleeping landscape. The night was calm, and a heavenly beauty seemed shadowed upon a quiet world.—The elements were hushed as if they heard the music of the stars, and in their voiceless quietude seemed filled with holy thoughts. A wish to look upon my mother's grave while the clear moonlight rested on it, entered my fevered brain. Attiring myself hastily and flinging my mantle around me, I left the house. Crossing the garden, I opened the wicket gate and took the path which led to the burial ground. It was in the centre of a grove of tall trees whose dark foliage trembled in the moving breeze as it swept sluggishly through the branches. A small weeping willow cast a tremulous shade upon a plain marble stone, and there I paused and knelt. I sighed, I groaned in agony, as I pressed my lips to the sod beneath which my mother was so quietly sleeping. Sacred, oh sacred for ever

be that spot! It has been wet, ay, drenched by the scalding tears of a child to whom she was dearer than the light of Heaven.

Long I wept upon that damp grave, ay, till the tear-founts were dried up. Wiping off the mingled dewdrops and tears that still lingered on my cheek, I rose, calm and resigned. "It was thy will, oh Father!" I returned home, and closing the curtains of my solitary chamber, laid me down, and for awhile stilled the wild throbbings of my desolated heart. But with reviving strength my agony was renewed. "Why, oh why did I leave my home and that dear one now mingling with insensate dust!" I murmured in bitterness of soul. "Years—long, weary years have passed since that sad moment, and—oh, my God! what is there of mortal suffering that I have not known! what woe that hath not found its way to my heart's core!" A voice seemed speaking to me, yet I heard no sound—"Be still, and know that I am God!"

For several days I remained in my chamber, being unable to leave it. A messenger from my early friend Mehalie Waylord came to me with a request that I would visit her. I went. In the same room where I had last seen her, I found the same pale, beautiful, lovely creature. Her high brow was still smooth and white, with the blue veins delicately pencilled there. As I approached, she extended her emaciated hand and smiled, but that smile fied as she looked upon my faded face and saw the deep lines of grief that were furrowed there. Her voice—her sympathy lit up a ray of joy in a heart which had long been darkened and desolate. I learned to love Mehalie. I clung to her with more of fondness than I had ever felt for mortal being, save her whose eye was the heaven of my infancy. Often when my heart was faint with the sense of its own wretchedness, would I go to the quiet chamber of Mehalie and listen to her heavenly counsels breathed in a low and silvery voice that fell on my ear like the faint music of a far-off heaven, until in the quietude that surrounded her like an atmosphere, my sorrows were all forgotten, and I was again, I had almost said, *happy*. But no, no, no,—I can never be happy again—I only hope for tranquility.

My dear father, broken down as he had been in body and in mind, gradually sunk into a calm resignation, and the hand of Poverty pressed less heavily upon him while he had the society of his only girl. And I, administering to his every want, anticipating even his slightest wish, at times forgot that I was an orphan—the adopted child of Poverty. By my industry and the assistance of a few friends, we were comfortably supported. About a year after my return, I received a letter from my noble brother, the closing lines of which I here transcribe:

"And now, dear Hermione, it is not meet that you, my only sister, the very image of our departed mother, should longer struggle with poverty, toiling for a scanty subsistence, while I am so blessed with an abundance. Connected by marriage with a most amiable, a most excellent woman, whose fortune added to mine has raised me to an independence, I am happy that I can provide a home for you and our dear father. Come to me, sister, and if a brother's love can make you forget, can soothe your sorrows, you shall be happy. Affectionately Yours."

Early the next morning I went to take leave of my early friends, Mehalie and Lesalie. As I entered the room, I observed a gentleman sitting by the bedside of the sick girl, counting her varying pulses. His whole attention was engrossed, and he knew not that any one had entered. Lesalie gave him a speaking look and raising her hand waved it gently towards me. His eyes followed the direction—herose instantly, and before she could announce the name of either, our hands had met in a cordial grasp. It was my excellent friend and physician who attended my little Emilie in her last moments, and me during my protracted illness. We soon related the circumstances of our former meeting to the wondering sisters. After spending a long time with them, I pressed the hand of Mehalie, which I had long held, to my lips—"Farewell!" I said, "I feel that we shall meet no more," and my lips quivered as I pressed them for the last time to her fair brow. But she was calm, and her farewell was breathed in an unflinching voice.

"Take this trifle, dear Hermione," she said, slipping a small but brilliant ring from her finger, "as my latest gift, and when you look upon it, think of the once brilliant, but now poor, forgotten Mehalie."

"Nay, dear sister," said Lesalie, "do not part with that ring—keep it that I may have it to look upon and weep over when you are no more."

"No, Lesalie," replied Mehalie, "you must never wear this ring—it should be worn only by those who have tasted life's bitterest cup. It has been washed with burning tears, such as my Lesalie may never shed. Connected with it is a mystery which will never be revealed—never—unless the dead awake. There is another for you, sweetest, in my casket," she added, "which I wore in happier days."

Then with an effort to which her strength was not equal, she placed the mysterious ring on my finger. Her eyes were closed, but her faint, quick breathing—which was never heard except when she was exhausted or in pain—told of the spirit's struggle with the memories that had been awakened. I judged it not prudent to linger.

Lesalie and Dr. Aubrey accompanied me into the parlor below. After making inquiries of him respecting the families with which I had been acquainted in the city from which he came, I asked him how it happened that I had the pleasure of meeting him in our village. He replied that he was passing through it on his return from a long journey, and that the physician of the place had solicited him to visit Miss

Waylord, a young lady who had been confined to her room several years by sickness, the nature of which was to him unknown, and in the whole course of his practice was without a parallel. He complied, and had been there but a short time when I entered.

"Your sister is very quiet—is she insensible to pain?" asked Aubrey, turning to Lesalie.

"Oh, no—she is patient. God has endowed her with a soul to endure much, silently and uncomplaining, and she has endured the extreme of mortal suffering," replied Lesalie, bursting into tears.

"My dear Lesalie," said I, "I hope I may yet meet you under happier circumstances."

She was unable to reply. I rose to go. "Aubrey, my father would be happy to see the friend and preserver of his child."

He bowed.

"With your permission, I will call upon him and you this evening."

I gave it, with an invitation for Lesalie to accompany him. He took my hand—"Lady, said he, "though our homes are far separated, I hope that we may meet often in life."

"I have thought of you frequently," I replied, "during the long year that has intervened since we sat by the deathbed of our little Emilie. Your kindness to her and to me I shall never forget."

Returning home, I devoted nearly the whole of the day to writing letters to Mrs. Farley and my other friends. Just as the last lingering rays of daylight were blending with the shadows of the coming night, Aubrey and Lesalie entered our cottage.—The former was soon engaged in conversation with my father—I, the meanwhile, sat observing his fair companion. Though I had seen her a thousand times before, I had never seen her look so beautiful as then. Lesalie was a tall, graceful girl, extremely slender and beautifully formed.—Accustomed for years to sitting by the bedside of her sister, with the curtains closed, her skin was extremely fair, though there was a bright blush on her cheek. She was attired in a white muslin dress, with a blue scarf thrown carelessly round her queenly neck. Her little, white straw bonnet, too, was put on carelessly, and the ribbon not tied. Little deeming that I was so minutely observing, or rather gazing upon her with mingled feelings of love and admiration, she sat with her sorrowful looks fixed upon me. At length she spoke:

"Hermione, there are some flowers in your garden that I would like to gather for Mehalie."

I rose, and putting my arms around her, we walked into the garden. I made a bouquet for each of the sisters and one for Aubrey.

"These are the last I shall ever make from this garden," said I, as I gave the fair girl hers with the one for her sister. Lesalie took my hand and for a moment

looked at me earnestly. Low, but firmly she spoke:

"Hermione, there is one question that I will ask you, which you must answer without hesitation, without reserve—conceal nothing to spare my feelings."

"I will comply," I replied, "be the question what it may."

"Then tell me if Mehalie ever loved, and if that love, scorned or disregarded, has blighted the hopes of her early life. Tell me, dear Hermione, is it this that eats like a cureless gangrene into the heart of my poor sister?"

"Lesalie, I cannot tell—but it has been whispered me by one that Mehalie had loved, and had been deserted."

"Who told you that?"

"Genevra."

"And whom did she say?"

"Elveric—you remember him."

"Perfectly."

"He admired Mehalie—I thought he loved her. Oh, I have seen him watch her smile, and linger in its light—and when she turned from him to others, he would strive to converse gaily with those around him, but there was an evident struggle in his feelings."

"Mehalie never loved him," replied Lesalie.

"There was a gay young Frenchman, in whom were blended beauty, intelligence, wit and refinement, a distant relative of Elveric's, he was for awhile attentive to your sister, and in fact more devoted to her, if possible, than his cousin. But his sudden return to Europe broke off the intimacy that had existed between them. However, there is a possibility of his returning with Elveric to America."

"Returning," repeated Lesalie, in an earnest, yet mournful tone, "have you not heard his fate?"

"Never," I replied.

"He was attacked by a malignant fever a few days after his embarkation, and survived not a week. His grave is in the sea."

She ceased, and neither of us spoke for a long time. I stood gazing earnestly upon the varying features of my friend—my hand was held in hers—she pressed it to her lips, and raising her dark eyes to mine, spoke in a low voice:

"There is a mystery hanging over Mehalie which I fear I can never unravel."

"And why should you wish to?" I asked.

"I know not, except it be that I am moved by the intense and painful interest which I feel for her," was the reply.

"There is one thing that you should remember, dearest Lesalie: your excellent mother died a few weeks before you were, like me, reduced to poverty, and Mehalie's gentle spirit sunk beneath such continued affliction. She had not sufficient fortitude—she was too delicately frail to endure so much."

"And how could you?" asked Lesalie.

"You have known more of sorrow than even my sister."

"Lesalie! Lesalie! oh, never again awaken the memory of the dark moments that are past."

As I ceased speaking, my father and Aubrey joined us. Taking a hand of each they led us into the old dilapidated summer house. There we sat together for hours, and talked, and wept, and smiled—and the pale moon shed down upon us her mildest rays through the sweet vine-leaves. It was late when our friends departed. My father and myself accompanied them to the garden gate, and gave them at parting, our most fervent blessing.

On the day following, at an early hour, we left the humble home which misfortune had so endeared to us, taking Sarah, my affectionate old nurse, with us—for we could not think of leaving her—and in a few weeks were settled with my brother. I found my sister-in-law even more than my brother had represented—superlatively excellent. Every kindness, every endearment grateful to the female heart she lavished upon me—and I, in return, soon learned to love her with all the fervency of early love. The apartments allotted to me were elegantly, and even gorgeously furnished, though I should have been grateful for the humblest home—the lowliest cottage.

Early in life I formed the resolution to be useful in society—to leave the world better than I found it. As soon, therefore, as I was sufficiently recovered from the fatigue of a long journey, I commenced my labors in a new field. The poor I found ignorant and woefully neglected—and I immediately established a charity school for the education of their children. I was the only teacher—I asked for no assistance—I wanted none. My school was large at its commencement, and pleasant. It flourishes still, and I find it the sweetest employment I have ever known to train those youthful minds for future usefulness, and lead them tenderly to her whose ways 'are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace.' In their improvement, and in their gratitude, expressed by look and word and act, I find a rich recompense for all my care and toil. And oh, to see them kneeling, their little hands clasped and their laughing eyes chastened in their expression by holy thoughts, in soft, sweet tones repeating the evening prayer, is bliss—is heaven reflected upon earth, even as we have seen the bright clouds of the summer time reflected in a quiet lake.

My mind has become tranquil and I am comparatively happy. I shall never again feel the lightness, the joyousness of early life, nor do I wish to. The dark clouds which rose upon the morning of my existence have left a shadow upon its noon-day.

The state of Mehalie's health was regularly transmitted to me through the kind

letters of Lesalie. Two years from the time I parted from them, I received a letter from her, a portion of which I transcribe:

"Dear Hermione—kind sister I would say, for you are now the only one on whom I may bestow that endearing name—Our gentle, lovely, amiable Mehalie is no more! She remembered and loved you to the last. For years I sat by her bedside, watching her gradual decay, anticipating all her wants, and by every tenderness which love could devise, striving to beguile her from the remembrance of her untold sorrows. My fears, my anxieties, my cares for her are over now. The loving and the loved hath passed away—happily—tranquilly—for ever!

You will remember, dear Hermione, that she never slept. She would close her eyes and rest, but she never slumbered. She often reminded me of some fair flower that would droop its head as the sun went down, and seemingly rest until morning. * * * The mystery of the ring she never disclosed—never spoke of it after she placed it on your finger.—

* * * One morning I was sitting by her, and she had been listening to me a long time, when she meekly raised her eyes and asked for Aubrey; then closing them again, faintly said, "I am free from pain now, and feel inclined to sleep." A slight quivering ran through her frame, and she was quiet. I bent down and pressed my lips to hers, but she had ceased to breathe. In her the change from life to death was so slight that they seemed to mingle like sunlight and shadow, blending into a soft twilight of life rather than the thick darkness of death.

Sister, love, you will learn from the signature of this letter that I am another's now. Two months previous to the death of our Mehalie, I was happily wedded to your excellent friend and physician, D. C. Aubrey.

Health, joy and peace be yours. Farewell.

Affectionately your own

LESALIE W. AUBREY.

Dearest Mehalie! thy home is now among the blessed in that bright realm to which I am rapidly hastening. Yet while I linger here, a weary pilgrim in a thorny world, often will I think of thee. Loveliest, yet lost!—bright star of my darkest moments!—the last tears that I shed will be to thy memory, blended with that of my early days, my home, and my sainted mother!

HERMIONE.

ORIGINAL MISCELLANY.

The Domestic Fireside.

There is certainly no pleasure so sweet—no enjoyment so lasting—no scene of bliss that gives to the heart such enduring happiness as the domestic fireside. Here is concentrated all that is dear to the youthful heart—all the hopes of the aged. Here is a joy that the splendors of the world cannot give—here the strifes of the few and the turmoils of the multitude never enter. Here we are secure from the tumults that wreck the world without. We can look out upon the excited world, and by contrast better realize the happiness of our own situation. Here all is calm. Peace is in every bosom—love and friendship in every breast. Heart mingles with heart, peaceful as the waters of the valley. While the world without is in an uproar, even empires rent assunder, the domestic fireside is still a quiet home. The brother's friendship, the sister's love, the father's affection, the mother's kindness—in short, the whole circle conspire to make it a scene of the most heart-satisfying bliss.

Oh! never while memory remains can I forget the pleasures of my father's fireside.

Years have flown by since I bade it adieu, yet, how bright the image! With what enrapturing emotions is each scene recalled! How brilliant does each character pass before my mind! The pleasant shades—the calm retreats—the quiet mansion, are all before my view, brilliant as on the morning when I bade them adieu. How sweet—how delightful to the memory of one who is far absent from the beloved scenes of his early home! To the stranger who has long lived and wandered amid the gaiety of the world, shut out from the endearing associations of domestic scenes, an hour spent in brooding over the joys of his early home, is worth whole days of the giddy pleasure that the world can give. He may mingle in the liveliest society—in the merry dance—but his mind will wander far back into days that live but in the memory. He will be lost in the solitude of his own thoughts, even amid the gaiety that floats around him. Bright eyes may sparkle—merry voices may greet his ears—but in vain. His fancy has carried him back to scenes sweeter and more dear to his heart.

I have seen the absent youth amid the gayest pleasures for awhile be as merry as the merriest—but it was only for a moment. I have seen a gloom come over his cheek, his eyes grow dejected and sad. He would seat himself in quiet abstraction, even amid the universal jollity, his mind apparently roving far beyond the bounds of his present society. His eyes would occasionally cast out a ray of pleasure, then sink again into the same melancholy expression. And I have asked him what scenes were those that fitted before his vision, for a moment giving his cheek a bloom of pleasure, then passing away and leaving a melancholy gloom—And he has answered me in the fullness of his heart, that they were scenes of by-gone days—his early youth—his father's fireside.

W. L.

John Keats.

"On gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands tho' mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh! where was then
Wisdom, the mirror'd shield; or scorn, the spear?
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like
deer."—Shelley.

The subject of this brief essay was born on the 29th of October, 1796. Through his pedigree flowed no noble blood—no illustrious deeds had marked his ancestry for the praise of posterity—no pecuniary privileges devolved upon him—but he was the child of poverty and the nursing of science. His birth and his death were premature, and the interval was filled to overflowing with incidents that call for a worthier pen than mine to delineate them. Naturally of a sensitive heart and fraught with those deep-toned emotions that weigh down the spirit, he was doomed to brood over the wrongs inflicted by unprincipled men—to become the gloomy tenement of that dis-

ease* which nips the first buddings of hope, and crushes and withers, as it steals stealthily on, the lofty aspirations of ambition and the blissful dreams of love, spreading the blackness of darkness over the else unclouded sky of life. During his transient sojourn upon earth, despondency of spirits attended him every where, and a consciousness that disease was rioting insatiately upon his vitals. These were tokens of an early death that no subtlety could banish from his mind. Expectation, instead of pointing her radiant finger to brighter and better days, only directed his perturbed spirit to that gathering ruin which was soon to shroud his early hopes in perpetual night. His constitution was extremely fragile, and every wound to his own feelings or scenes of distress and poverty in others, harrowed up his sensibilities only to hasten his dissolution. Like the shattered bark sent out upon the wide sea, he could not buffet the cliffy waves of adversity, but sank, bereft of hope, beneath the wide waste. By all the arts and exertions he was capable of using, he could not remove one shade of that deadly incubus which impended over him like the maniac's settled gloom. He sought for happiness in the company of the gifted and the great—he sought in the domestic circle an asylum from the uncharitable world, where he might throw the past into oblivion and press the stranger Hope to his bosom. Then travel came with its thousand vicissitudes, and he flew to Italy, the patron of Art and the friend of Genius, in hopes that the delightful scenery and salubrity of the climate might chase disease from his frame and reanimate him once more from the melancholy languor which weighed so heavily upon his breast. But all his efforts were unavailing—no relief he found except in the company of his young attendant,† which to an invalid is a small recompense for the loss of the invaluable boon of health. Instead of finding any panacea in that once favored city, Rome, he found that death left no spot untouched—that he stretched out his iron sceptre over classic as well as unclassic soil: instead of finding any reanimating influence, he found that he had only hastened to the open arms of death. Rome that had given birth to so many geniuses in the era of her power, now unveiled her bloody bosom in this the day of her desolation, to receive the relics of departed worth. February 24th, 1821, his disembodied spirit fled the mansions of earth.

The cause of his premature death and the despondency that hung round him during his life, is by no means attributable to nature. But there were other causes that undoubtedly brought these severe afflictions upon him. From the time his first productions came before the public even to his departure from earth, he was an object of undeserved abuse from the critical writers.—Friendless and unknown, he flung himself

upon the world in the humble attitude of a suppliant, and with all the pathos and modesty of youth implored the public to look upon his juvenile effusions with a lenient eye. Especially did he attempt to conciliate the good will of the reviewers—those literary Neros who endeavor to destroy every genius in embryo, and to tear the envied laurel from the brow of the worthy.—But hearts like theirs, grown repulsive to indigent merit and callous to the tears of suffering humanity, can listen to no compromise. Had the compositions of this young poet come from a son of nobility, or had they been anonymous, they would have met with that reception which they so justly deserve; but springing up from obscurity, they were attacked with a ferociousness that ill comports with humanity. Let the son of a Marquis or an Earl produce any intellectual effort, however morbid and insane, and it is sure to receive the encomiums of these literary prostitutes; but let poverty indite a page, and though every line should flash with genius and every sentence glow with thought, it would be condemned by these mercenary tyrants who sit in judgement over mind. Like the venomous serpent they drag their slow length along, alike heedless whether they creep over gnarled roots or belime and crush the tender flower. They were determined to be pleased with nothing that came from his pen, and even before the publication of some of his most finished poems, expressed a determination to review them with asperity. These were shafts too envenomed and malicious for the susceptible heart of Keats to withstand. Instead of warding them off and hurling them back upon the devoted heads of his detractors with the spirit of his cotemporary, Byron, he suffered them to rankle in his bosom, till he fell as falls the stricken deer before her pursuers. Such were the beings with whom this child of song had to contend, and if in the contest he fell, who can wonder?—such were the wilful murderers of this precocious youth, who endeavored to rear a name, like Erostratus of old, the destroyer of the Ephesian Temple, on the ruins of one of the noblest monuments of genius.

The poems of Keats abound with beauties that cannot escape the observation of the most careless reader. Loftiness of thought, true poetic imagery, rich conceptions, and an engaging style are qualities fully developed in his more mature poems, and which seldom if ever fail to secure the approbation of those who are capable of appreciating mental worth. There are passages big with sentiment, fraught with a richness that no one could ever expect from a youth of his years, and which would do honor to more advanced age. Throughout all his minor writings, corruscations of genius are interspersed which throw a brilliancy over them, and which cannot but win a rich meed of praise for the author. He had his failings it is true, and here I am

*Consumption.
†Mr Severn, a young artist.

not aware of his having deviated from a rule that embraces the whole human family. Perhaps he frequently penned a line that deteriorated an essay, or now and then perhaps his words were ill suited to the thought; but who shall say that in these things he differed from other writers? The sweet bard of Avon, the bard of Mantua, and even Homer himself, are not free from these faults, and perhaps it would require no nice inspection to discover them in the writings of the tormentors of Keats, those officious reviewers who attempt to pull the mote from their brother's eye without first casting the beam from their own. Zoilus of Amphipolus, who was stoned to death for his Homeric and Platonic criticisms, were he now alive, would scorn to acknowledge these modern censors as beings who breathe the same air and possess the same attributes of humanity. For all the villainous epithets and unmanly attacks he has had to encounter, the name of John Keats will yet remain upon the scroll of fame. Let it never be said of him as of many that flourished before and after him:

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

But let his brow be ever twined with a wreath plucked from the summit of Parnassus, that posterity may look back at the untimely fate of one who was born in obscurity, nurtured in sorrow, and murdered by ingrate man.

U. M.

Union College, February, 1835.

SCHENECTADY, Jan. 23th, 1835.

MR. EDITOR—I have in my hands a short series of letters written to me by a brother attending school at a distance, which, from the estimation in which they are held by me, I am induced to offer you for the benefit of others, should you deem them worthy to be made public through your paper. I shall give them to you exactly as I received them, leaving it for you to make such alterations and amendments as you think proper.

EMMA.

Letters from a Brother.

LETTER FIRST.

MY DEAR SISTER—I hope you will not grow weary with me, although in my communications I so often assume the character of a counselor and adviser. Believe me, sister, it is the affectionate regard I entertain for your best interest that induces me to write you in a garb like this. Were I to address myself to any other, I should feel bound to make many apologies, but to you, sister, I deem it quite unnecessary.

The subject to which I wish at present to call your attention, and upon which I propose to give you some advice, is *Matrimony*. Do not blush, if the subject is somewhat immature so much the better—caution is always the best when it comes in season. Marriage, with a young lady, constitutes one of the greatest events of her being. There is certainly no act that will tell so powerfully upon her destiny in life as this, and there is scarcely any more hazardous in its engagement or more momentous in its consequences. It is an act big

with interest to herself and others, involving in it not only her own character and happiness, but also the character and happiness of her friends. It is an engagement, too, that must be endured, however painful and afflicting. It is a voluntary contract from which nothing but death, or something worse, can absolve you. In the act your liberty is gone—indeed, all you have is gone—you have buried all in your husband—your destiny is in his hands, and he will henceforth mould your character to his own—it is inevitable, what he is you will be, and that perhaps almost unconsciously to yourself—his sentiments will be so interwoven with yours that it will not be long before you adopt them as your own. But besides these there are many other things that will render this event to you as new as it is interesting. Your relations in life will be changed—your connexion with friends and society altered, and an entire new direction will be given to all the operations of life. You will fall under new obligations and contract new responsibilities. If such, then, are the consequences, and such the change involved in this new relation, it becomes a matter well worthy the most serious consideration.

And first, let me caution you against entering into matrimonial engagements early in life. The period allowed by law and sanctioned in this land by common consent, seems to me by no means too long for a young lady to make those acquisitions which appear needful for her on becoming her own mistress. A moment's reflection, I doubt not, will lead you to the same conclusion. There is a vast work before you, quite sufficient to elicit the most vigorous exertion for the whole period allotted to its performance—year mind needs cultivation, discipline and improvement, both as a matter of necessity and as a source of enjoyment for after life. This is the season and the only season that you will enjoy for acquiring and treasuring up knowledge—for collecting materials and laying by stores for future usefulness. You need a knowledge both of the science and art of domestic economy, to give you skill in management and prepare you for a prudent mistress of a family. You need also that maturity of mind and stability of character to sustain you under the responsibilities of conjugal life, which at a very early period you can hardly be expected to possess. There are some cases, I am ready to allow, where early marriages eventuate prosperously; but in most instances I believe this is not the case. Seldom will you find a young lady entering prematurely into this engagement, who does not ere long find abundant reason to chide herself for the course she has taken, and perceiving herself incompetent for her station, sink under the weight of her responsibilities. Some one has made the expression, and it is no less true than laconic, 'if maids did not become women at fourteen, men would have

better wives.' It is indeed painful to witness the rashness and avidity with which multitudes rush forward to the altars of Hymen—they seem pressing on with the infatuated notion that when they shall have attained this point, they will have arrived at the very acme of sublunary bliss—but to most it proves a dizzy height from which the victim falls, and falls, too, mangled and shivering from the shock.

You shall hear more from me upon this subject in my next.

Affectionately Yours.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Hunting Adventure.

I was loitering home from a hunting excursion one afternoon in the autumn of '29, when my dog, which was bounding playfully along one or two rods in front, suddenly stopped, and bristling fiercely, sent forth a quivering howl. I followed the direction of his eyes into the foliage of a large oak, and was not a little startled on discovering the frightful visage of a full grown panther, which was creeping toward the extremity of a dry branch, in the direction of my path, evidently preparing to make a spring. I hesitated—it would have been instant death for me to have attempted a retreat, and it appeared equally hazardous to remain. The discous and glaring eyeballs of the animal were fixed upon me regardless of the mastiff, as he slowly and cautiously moved along the length of the branch, and his teeth were slightly separated, through which proceeded at intervals a low hissing that was distinctly audible. He advanced to the end of the limb and was throwing himself upon his haunches previous to his final bound, when his support gave way, and he was precipitated from the tree, uttering a lengthened howl, till he reached the ground, which echoed through the woods for miles. My dog was too much daunted to seize upon this advantage, and the panther instantly darted up the tree again, shaking the very leaves of the forest with his augmented cries. My own trepidation was too great to have ventured a discharge, for had not my ball struck his head or some vital part, the certainty was, that rendered infuriate by the smart of the wound, he would have rushed upon me, and I should have paid with my life for the rashness of the act. He again mounted the same limb, glared down upon me for a moment with an appearance of increasing malignity, and uttering a terrific yell, threw himself into the attitude of springing. Collecting all my energies upon the desperate hazard of a shot, I levelled and discharged my rifle. On the instant of the report my eye caught the extended body of the panther sweeping through the air. I stood transfixed and breathless—my dog quailed at my feet—one thought only of home flashed across my mind, as he reached the earth within ten yards of my

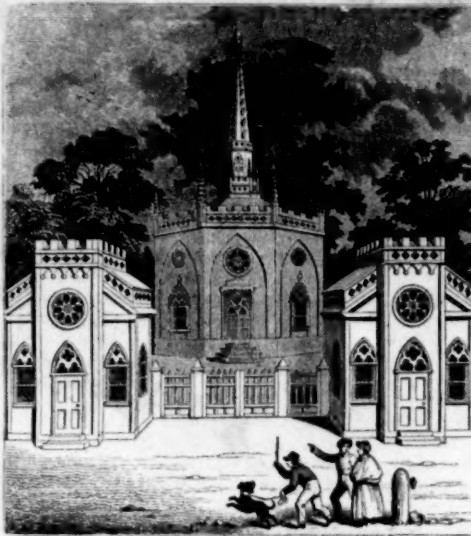
feet; but his unguided and convulsive form plunged heavily upon the ground, and rolled along the leaves and herbage, dying them with a copious stream from a sluice through the blood-vessels of the heart, which the ball had opened in the very act of bounding. It was the first individual of the species killed by a white inhabitant of New Framingham.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—There was a party of gentlemen and ladies who went to Bedlam, and, as they were going through the wards, one of the gentleman was accosted by a person whom he supposed to be one of the keepers, and who said to him in a whisper, "Your friends are only going through the common parts of the establishment, but if you will come with me, I will show you the apartments which are not generally opened to strangers." The man went off and beckoned to the gentleman, who stepped away from his companions, to follow his new guide, who led him through sundry passages to the top of the building, and then out upon the leads. No sooner were they there than the man said to the gentleman, "Now, sir, jump into the street!" You may suppose what were his feelings when he found himself in the presence of a madman, and knew that the madman's next step would probably be to throw him off the building. But his presence of mind suggested a means of escape, and he said to the madman, "Jump down! Any body can jump down; but if you'll let me, I'll go down and jump up, which will be much more of a feat." The madman burst into a laugh: "Ha! ha! indeed it will; march down and try." So the gentleman was allowed to go; and, naturally, the first thing he did was to inform the keepers of the narrow escape he had had, and to urge them to be a little more careful in future that such a dangerous lunatic should not be allowed to put people's lives in jeopardy.

[Dr. Bowring's Minor Morals.]

RETORT COURTEOUS.—A dandy of the thorough shop-boy breed, on entering the new English Opera House, the other evening, thought proper to show off his feeble wit by intentionally taking a gentleman for the box-keeper. "Box-keeper," said he (with a leer to one of the things with a large Bardolphian nose, that accompanied him), "show me into a box." The gentlemen taking no notice of this impertinence, except by a significant smile of contempt, the humourist, emboldened by his silence, took him affectedly by the breast of the coat, with his finger and thumb, and bawled out—"Do your dooty, Sir: give me a box." "Certainly," was the immediate reply, followed by a sound box on the ear, with which accommodation the sufferer was fain to put up; for, having given the first assault, he had no other remedy than to rub the injured part, which he frequently did, exclaiming, "Well! I never!"

A VIEW OF THE SCHENECTADY LYCEUM.



The inhabitants of Schenectady are indebted for this fine specimen of gothic architecture to the enterprise of their fellow-citizen, Giles F. Yates. Previous to its erection, there was not a single building in that place adapted to the purposes of tuition. To supply this deficiency, and with a view to establish a classical academy on a permanent basis, Mr. Yates was induced to erect his Lyceum. There is something peculiar, and perhaps novel, in the interior arrangements of the rooms. The seats of the scholars are attached to the wall, and separated by partitions. With their backs to the superintendent, nothing is presented to divert their attention from their books. The form of the room being octagonal, the desk of the teacher is with convenience placed in such a position, as to command a view of every pupil under his charge. By these arrangements all unnecessary communication between the scholars is

prevented, and close attention to study, and the utmost harmony are secured. The basement and first story are occupied by Mr. E. A. Huntington, principal of the academy; the second story contains the hall and museum of the Lyceum lately established, and will be used by the members of that society and other literary and scientific associations which may hereafter be organized.

The location of this edifice is pleasant and retired. It is situated about eighty feet in the rear of the range of buildings on the south side of Union-street, about half way between Union college and the west end of the city. It is approached by a gravelled walk, planted with trees; on either side of the gateway stands an office, (or janitor building,) appearing like wings to the main edifice. In front of these offices, in the centre of each rises a tower, which, as also the windows and doors modelled like those of the Lyceum, are all of gothic architecture.

The prevailing style of architecture in the main building, it will be perceived, is modern gothic. It is built of brick, stuccoed in imitation of granite. In form it is an octagon. The base rises about five feet above the ground. Above the base, and about sixteen inches from each corner, the sides are recessed; by this means buttresses are formed at the angles. The recesses form at the top the usual acute arches. From the springing lines of the arches the spandrills and buttresses unite, and form the proper thickness of the wall for the support of the roof. The walls are crowned with abutments, below which are quatrefoille perforations. Each corner of the battlement is surmounted with a pinnacle, ornamented with crockets. From an octagonal platform on the roof rises a belfry, in the shape of a small tower, supporting a steeple having crocket ornaments, and its pyramid point crowned with a pine-apple. This platform is protected by a wall, with a battlement and perforations like those of the wall of the edifice; and at each corner of the battlement is a crocketed pinnacle. The lights of the windows are of stained glass, of the rhombus form. The second story is lighted by a sky-light, and circular windows placed in the recesses directly over the apices of the arches of the first-story windows.—The window above the door is larger than the rest, and is a specimen of the wheel window. The windows of the basement story are in the rear of the building.—*New-York Mirror.*

The Wreath.

EDITED BY W. H. BURLINGH.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1835.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—For February.—This is rather a late visiter, but it is none the less welcome. When we turn over the delicate leaves of this Magazine and look upon its beautiful print, we feel that delicious sensation which the hungry man experiences as he good-naturedly seats himself at a table loaded with that fare he relishes best. He has his repast and rises from the table refreshed and invigorated. So we rise from the intellectual feast which Mr Fairfield's Magazine always affords—strengthened in heart and mind. Our spirit thrills within us with a glorious sense of freedom and of power, and the glance of the mind is onward and upward, away from the beastliness and sensuality of earth, to that higher and purer sphere which is for ever irradiated by the effluence of Immortal Mind.

There is a freshness and a fearlessness in everything emanating from Mr Fairfield's pen that render his writings peculiarly acceptable to us. In tremendous and overwhelming invective he is almost unequalled. Of his poetical genius we have before this freely expressed an opinion which we need not now repeat. With his brilliant talents, his extensive acquirements, and his indefatigable industry, aided by a large list of contributors, Mr F. cannot fail to make his work an honor to American Literature, and deserving an extensive and liberal patronage. Such he has made it, and we are happy to discover that he is duly appreciated by many of the most distinguished men our country can boast, who have extended to him that patronage which, while it may well encourage him, reflects honor upon them as the friends of genius and the patrons of American Literature. It will be understood that we speak of the N. A. Magazine in general terms—our narrow limits forbid us to particularise. There may be, there are some faulty articles, but when the merit of a work predominates, we

mean to speak of it freely as a meritorious work; and on the contrary when there is more chaff than wheat, or when entire chaff is submitted to our inspection, we shall pass upon it a general condemnation, and consign it, *sans ceremonie*, to that oblivion which it deserves. This is the rule by which we intend to be governed in our reviews of Magazines, new books, and all the *et cetera* which load an editor's table.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The February number of this popular Magazine is now before us. We have neither space nor time to enter into a labored review of its contents,—nor are we accustomed to give extended notices of the periodical literature of the day, though we watch with jealous interest the development of American mind and wish entire success to every meritorious American enterprise. The genius that is nursed among the cloud-turbaned mountains and deep-voiced cataracts of our own magnificent Fatherland should itself be magnificent and colossal—self-sustained and mighty. Why may not America be as august in her mental as in her physical structure—as glorious in intellect as she is sublime in aspect?

The Knickerbocker does not disgrace American Literature. Higher praise need we give!—Its original articles—we speak of them generally, for we cannot particularize—are distinguished for strong and vigorous thought, appropriate and well arranged diction. There are one or two articles that we might find fault with if we would, but we never take much pleasure in pointing out the dark spots on the sun. The names of Percival, Bryant, Metcalf, Miss M. A. Browne, Mrs E. C. Embury, S. L. Knapp, R. M. Bird, B. B. Thatcher, E. T. T. Martin, G. W. Greene, W. G. Clark, and many others distinguished in the world of letters, and regular contributors to the Knickerbocker, are a sufficient guarantee for the literary excellence of any work. In truth, this Magazine has now become identified with the literature of our country, many of our most distinguished writers contributing frequently to its pages. We therefore wish its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Clark & Edson, that complete success which they so richly deserve.

COMMON SENSE.—A few weeks since we received a poem bearing the title we have placed as a cognomen to this article, for publication in the Wreath. It was adjudged *minus*, and respectfully laid upon the huge pile of rejected literature which lies so quietly, undisturbed and undisturbing, under our table. A happy fate is theirs! No snarling, curriish critic can utter his maledictions over their manifold faults, nor pour his malicious sarcasm upon their unfortunate authors—*unfortunate*, if their articles are read, and doubly unfortunate, perhaps, if they are pronounced unworthy of perusal, and are seen only by the brain-labored author and the mind-jaded editor who pronounces upon them the sentence of final condemnation. But the poem we have alluded to, though it now rests unread and unregarded, suggested to our mind a few reflections which we would fain communicate to the reader if we could seize a thought “and hold it fast by the tail,” as Cowper did the moment, until it was fairly presented, dear reader, to your view.

As for ourselves we do not pretend to possess more or better common sense than our neighbors—perhaps we have not as much, and we are in-

clined to think the latter perhaps correct—still we believe that we know what it is, and how it is revealed.

Some writer or talker has made the remark—we have read it or heard it, probably both—that common sense is the most uncommon in the universe. Like a thousand other popular sayings that first came from nobody in particular, we believe that it is more witty than wise, and not very remarkable as either. That sense, real sterling common sense, is often overlooked, either in wilful or real blindness, we do not doubt.—Men are prone to pronounce a cruel judgement upon their fellow-men—to deny them the attribute of common sense, and smooth over their malice or their ignorance by adding that the men thus destitute are possessed of genius! Byron has suffered by this kind of robbery as much as any one. Yet Byron, eccentric, capricious, and imaginative as he was, possessed strong common sense. Don't curl your lip and elevate your nose as an expression of your contempt for us, sage deliver in mathematics! for verily do we speak forth the words of truth and soberness. The critical and candid reader will find its impress upon every page of his lordship's works—bold, independent, discriminating common sense. The poet was a close and accurate observer of human nature in all its aspects, and with a courage and a faithfulness rarely equalled, he transcribed the pictures of virtue and of frailty formed in his own mind, to the page that was to delight, grieve, or incense the minds of the *mobile vulgus*. (More Latin—how provoking!) Even in the magnificent gloom of his Childe Harold are frequent and prominent exhibitions of this faculty. In his more immoral writings, his embodying of the evil passions and unholy desires of the heart, he evinces on every page the possession not only of a brilliant imagination and a thorough knowledge of human character, but also of that faculty which the would-be-thought wise ones of the present generation consider so lamentably rare—real common sense. We would not be thought the defender of Byron's immoralities—his derelictions from the path of virtue. We regret as deeply as any one the prostitution of his godlike genius to unholy purposes—that genius which should have been consecrated to the glory of God and the good of mankind. Nay, we would even raise a warning voice against the pernicious tendency of his works in the hands of the young, for we know them to be immoral, corrupting, destructive. Most earnestly would we disclaim against every thing calculated to clip one thread of that delicate cord which binds the youthful heart to virtue—to weaken the sense of evil, or to lower in the least the moral tone of society. Most zealously would we defend virtue in the abstract, and virtue in the concrete—virtue every where and in every thing, and with equal zeal oppose whatever has a tendency to lessen its influence and depress its high claims upon mankind. But we would not utter our reproofs in the spirit of the Pharisee, thanking God that we are better than the erring, and while hiding a ‘multitude of sins’ under the cloak of self-righteousness, superciliously cry out to the sinful ones around us, ‘stand by—we are holier than ye.’ Byron had his faults—let them be forgiven. He had his virtues—let them be cherished.

The idea entertained by so many that common sense is always disconnected from genius, is as

vulgar as it is illiberal and narrow. It is not disconnected from genius—it is rather a component part of it. In proof of this, we may not only instance Byron, but multitudes of others, for example, Newton, Locke, Bacon, our own Franklin, a man of the most inventive genius and most exalted common sense. After all, we do not believe this faculty so very rare as some of our modern utilitarians love to assert. It pervades every department of life. It breathes in the pulpit—in the senate—at the bar—in the attic of the poet—at the easel of the painter—in the domestic circle, and in the study of the philosopher and the theologian. It is, in fact, the guiding principle in a multitude of minds—pointing out clearly the safest and easiest way to the desired end. The popular error seems to be here—Mankind have been too apt to deify common sense—to believe it infallible—and therefore when its possessor blunders, its existence in him is denied. It is doubtless there, but it is not infallible. Even common sense may err. The wisdom of the earth's wisest may sometimes be called foolishness—and he certainly is not the wisest man who can see no merit in others, nor is he the most distinguished for common sense who can find but little of it in his fellow man. This eternal caviling at the silliness of mankind in secular affairs is as silly as it is unjust. The truth is, ‘the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.’ The sense which is called common pervades to a great extent the whole world—so much so, at least, that it may be considered as fairly entitled to its name. The most indisputable evidence of the want of it that has for a long time fallen under our observation, may be found in the fact that a number of people to whom we have sent the Wreath, in this city and elsewhere, have refused to patronize us—if, indeed, we except our making this article so unconscionably long that no one will take the trouble to read it.

We understand (from a private source) that a new musical journal is soon to be established in Boston, under the editorial supervision of Mr. B. Brown, senior editor of the *Amaranth*. Mr. Brown is in every respect qualified for the undertaking, and if the work is commenced we will not allow ourselves to doubt its entire success in the midst of a people so truly enlightened and liberal as the Bostonians.

We are indebted to our respected fellow-citizen, Giles F. Yates, Esq. for the beautiful wood engraving which adorns the present number of the Wreath. It originally appeared in the *New-York Mirror*.

Our friends of the Concord (N. H.) Literary Gazette, are informed that the tale purporting to be a translation from the French, which appears as *original* in their paper of the 13th inst., can be found in unmangled English in a thin volume published some years ago. It is the production of Bulwer, and was originally published, if we mistake not, in an English Annual.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We congratulate our friend O. B. upon his new resolution, and shall not knowingly do any thing to prevent his carrying it into full effect.

Will not Ella favor us with another of her beautiful poems?

Mc. is on file for insertion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANTHRACITE.

BY THE REV. C. W. DENISON.

THERE are, who tell us that the broad, and deep,
And towering piles in which men dig their mines,
From which they gather treasures, coined by fire,
With sweat, and toil, shut from the light of day,—
Once were a world of forests. We the tale—
The wondrous tale—have heard, that long ago,
Ere yet the ken of man had been unsealed
To gaze upon our Earth, lamp-lit by Science,
Or ere the lightning-flight of thought had sped
Through the dark passes of the world's dark waste—
Abroad those forests waved their unpruned boughs,
Their branches tossed, like mammoths huge and free,
With trunk erect and shaking in the breeze.

There are, who tell us that a change was wrought,
A change exceeding mortal power, or skill
Of Angel to divine—a work more strange
Than ever followed in the earthquake's path—
By which the trees, and tenderlings that clung,
Mid shrubs and plants, around the hoary rocks,
Were in wild chase hurled destructive down!

There are, who tell us that the o'erwhelming mass,
By its own friction, as it headlong fell,
Kindled and burned! They tell us that the fires
Now blazing with volcanic heat and death
Within the channelled bosom of the globe
We tread, were then lit up; that they will burn,
And rage, and spread along the hidden veins
Entwined innumerable through the heart
Of Earth, until a winding sheet of flame
Shall wrap its quenchless folds—like fiery snakes,
Coiling and hissing o'er Creation's frame—
Around the mountains whence it first arose—
The vales around, and plains, and seas, and skies—
Consuming fiercer, and more ravenous
Of life, as it encircles every work
Of human art and toil—of cities built
As if to brave Jehovah's kindled wrath—
Of teeming millions, crowding each on each
For succor—shrieking out with horrid moan,—
Until it turns for aye the name of man!

Strange! that the very fires on which we gaze
From day to day, once gave the Indian shade,
And with their whispering leaflets fanned his brow.
Strange! that against them once the buffalo,
Untamed and tameless as his savage lord,
Leaned his tired frame, sequestered from the sun.
Strange! that beneath those fires rivers once rolled
Their mighty waters; that the flowery field—
The rocky hill—the echoing vale—the plain
All rife with verdure—marked the scene where stood
Erect and sovereign, what we now consume.

Thus changes Earth. To day it lives—it dies
To-morrow. Thus we mortals live—thus die.
Not so the soul! the spirit-type of God!
No floods can drown it, and no fires consume!

EPITHALAMIUM.

WAKE! dearest, wake! The morning star
Is melting in the blue afar:
Awake! the sun is coming now!
His smile is on thy vestal brow!
The skies are bright—the hour is gay—
Wake! dearest! 'tis thy bridal day!

The time is come when we must part,
Then fold me to thy gentle heart;
But Love and Hope call thee away,
And Joy shall crown thy bridal day!
List! Music over hill and lake
Is gushing richly: sweetest, wake!

The wreath is woven for thy hair,
Of leaf and bud and blossom fair:
Thy robe of white and pearly zone
Are waiting for thee, lovely one!

Thy plighted vows thou wilt not break—
The hour has come!—Awake! Awake!

Health to thy cheek and joy to thine eye!
Peace to thy heart and balm for each sigh!
Hope to thy sorrows! Sweet dreams to thy rest!
And be thou for ever and ever blest!
Wake now for the song of the minstrel is done—
Health to thee!—Peace to thee, loveliest one!

F. H. W.

SEAMAN'S HYMN.

Oh Thou, to whose indulgent care
Our life and blessings we commend,
Receive, we beg, our humble prayer,
The strain our contrite bosoms blend.

Watch, Father, with preserving eye,
The path our veering bark may go;
In danger's hour, oh! be Thou nigh,
To shield us from impending woe.

When threatening Ocean roars around,
And chills each nerve with anguish drear,
Jesus! who erst its ragings bound,
And quelled a weak disciple's fear;

Bid Thou its warring tumults cease,
And chase the clouds of grief away:
O'er every doubt let heavenly peace
Descend, with bright, refulgent ray.

Should sickness shroud the anxious breast,
And pale we shrink the billow's gloom,
Far from our home's endearing rest,
Teach us of rest beyond the tomb.

Guide us, oh God! through life's brief span,
So that when'er we meet our close,
Death may not come a scourging ban,
But passport to a blest repose.

ZELOTES.

SONNET.

BY VINCENT G. ALLYN.

SPIRIT of Thought! I own thy presence now,
I feel thy influence stealing o'er my soul,
Hushing each passion with thy mild control,
And with a deep and quiet joy, which thou
Aye givest to thy votaries, filling up
The vacant places of a heart which long
Hath yearned for thee amid the thoughtless throng.
Till Care hath wept above the grave of Hope.
Essence of mind ethereal! thou hast given
Lofty aspirations to my fettered spirit,
Whispering of bliss that it may yet inherit
In the high regions of the viewless Heaven!
Light of the soul! though here thy rays are dim,
Thou art God's gift to lead us up to Him!
Plainfield, Ct. February, 1835.

SALMAGUNDI.

NOT AT HOME.—"Is Mr Bluster with-
in?" "No, he is out of town," remarked
the servant. "When can I see him?" "I
don't know: have you any special busi-
ness with Mr Bluster?" "Yes, there is a
small bill which I wish to settle." "Well,"
said the servant, "I don't know whether he
will return this week or not." "But I wish
to pay the bill, as I am to leave town im-
mediately." "Oh, you wish to pay him
some money? he is up stairs I'm thinking;
—I will call him. Please to walk into the
drawing-room; take a chair, sir; your hat,
if you please; Mr Bluster will be with you
in a moment."

The Amaranth.

Matthews tells a capital joke in his farce
of the Lone House. He says he gave the
coachman as a purging medicine, a bottle

of ink, by accident, for a black dose,—and
on discovering the mistake, made him in-
stantly swallow two sheets of blotting paper
to counteract its effects!

The spirit of true religion breathes mild-
ness and affability. It gives a native, un-
affected ease to the behavior. It is social,
kind and cheerful; far removed from that
gloomy and illiberal superstition which
clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, de-
jects the spirit, and teaches men to fit them-
selves for another world by neglecting the
concerns of this.

ANECDOTE.—on Time.—Two brothers,
named Josiah and William, full grown
boys, happened in at a store one evening,
where the attention of the company was
somewhat attracted by a very long watch-
chain dangling at the fore-quarters of Jo-
siah. One present asked, "what's the time,
Josiah?" With no small ceremony, Josiah
drew out his watch, and after examining
it some time, referred to his brother, and
said, "Brother William, is this figury nine
or figury 'leven?" William, after a few
moments' deliberation, declared it to be
"figury seven." "Well, then," replied Jo-
siah, "it lacks about half an inch of eight."

THE THREE R'S.—A late alderman of
the city of Philadelphia, who had amassed
a large fortune from a slender beginning,
and wished to be thought one of the literati,
gave one evening, at a large party, as
a toast—"The three R's." The toast hav-
ing been drunk, one of the company beg-
ged the worthy magistrate to explain what
he meant by the three R's.—"Reading,
Riting and Rithmatic," replied the learned
gentleman.

GRAVE AMUSEMENT.—The following
introduction to a piece of poetry in a late
number of the Springfield Republican is
quite novel to us: "The following lines
were written more than sixty years ago,
by one who has for many years slept in
the grave, merely for his own amusement."

A SIMILE.—An old lady, not remarka-
ble for the clearness of her ideas, describing
a fine summer evening, said, "It was a
beautiful bright night—the moon made
every thing as light as a feather."

THE TWO DISEASES.—After all, there
are only two diseases, says a French doc-
tor—one of which you die, and the other
of which you don't.

THE WREATH.

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